

GLANTS HANDED IT THE LISTENING POST THE COLLEGE HERO.

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Come From Behind With Burst of Hits and Beat the Cincinnati's.

MARQUARD THE VICTIM Bancroft Swings a Mean Mace and Leads Field With Four Hits.

By WILLIAM B. HANNA.

At the Polo Grounds yesterday Rube Marquard flung his gaze into that historic ring for the first time since he became a Cincinnati Red. The Rubie still can pitch with more than a little confidence to whoever happens to be the assembled enemy, but though he harassed the Giants greatly for eight innings they were playing game hard to beat him. They let fly with a rally in the fifth inning and took the lead, and held it tenaciously. Among a large portion, if not the whole shebang, of the 35,000 spectators there was serious doubt as to the Giants relieving the situation, and a forceful, slapping rally of the Giants in the ninth worked the fans up to a state of happy excitement.

The Reds were quite set on winning. Marquard quarreled with Brennan over called balls, and Pat Moran scolded the big armer. Brennan had to bring a reproving forefinger into play more than once. Marquard was prominent through his pitching up and down and a hit of his with the bases filled, which drove in two runs and tied the score.

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Nehf Out for Pitch Hitter. Arthur Nehf pitched a first class game except that one backstop inning, and seemed to be coming along. The reason he was taken out was because the Giants needed a pinch hitter. Old Pol Perritt went through two innings in creditable style and as a finisher earned his keep. The New York infield was snappy and fast as usual—Jupp, Bancroft, Frisch, a swift trio.

The bunting of the Giants was good and numerous occasions arose calling for a sacrifice. It always worked, and indeed a bunt by Gaston in the ninth inning worked so well it resolved itself into an infield hit, thus hastening the conquest of the Reds. Gaston is achieving pinch hit fame. He can triple or he can lay 'em down. Snyder, Gaston, Burns and Bancroft conducted New York's victorious rally, and Bancroft led all the field as he mowed up the Rubie's delivery with four cracking singles and one line fly to Duncan.

Turns walked in the first, Bancroft struck out, Gaston reached on a sacrifice and Young walked. The Reds stayed back for a double play on Kelly. Kelly expiring on a dribble and a sacrifice and a sacrifice. Bancroft opened with a hit and Frisch struck a single off Marquard's glove. Bancroft went whirling around to third on the hit—dashing base running which had the fans on their feet. Young moved Bancroft with a fly to Paskert and Kelly singled. The Red infield played back again and doubled it right, for King Kelly's sacrifice. He didn't get up much steam going to first, else the double would have been avoided.

The Reds Checked. A current weakness of the Reds is getting the first man on base. They did it in the fifth when Fonseca singled. Paskert forced Fonseca when Rapp and Frisch made a sweet and slapping play on Paskert's poke, which hopped tardily to third and brought in the run. The next play, even so, with a half turn and jerk he whipped the ball low to Frisch, who dug it out.

He did not vivid fast checked but did not stop the Reds. Crane singled, Hargrave walked and Marquard plugged the first out. He smacked a swift single past Kelly, just over the bag—brought in two runs and reached third on a sacrifice. He flung over the bag—brought in two runs and reached third on a sacrifice. He flung over the bag—brought in two runs and reached third on a sacrifice.

Marquard threw in pinch runners in the ninth as soon as the regulars began their slapping. Snyder doubled over Duncan, who made a fine try. Monroe trotted to second to run for Snyder. Snyder bunted, reaching third on a sacrifice. Marquard reached first with no play on him. Walker trotted out to first to run for Gaston. Burns greeted his teeth and singled hard to left. He drove in Monroe. Walker reached third on a sacrifice. Marquard reached first with no play on him. Walker trotted out to first to run for Gaston. Burns greeted his teeth and singled hard to left. He drove in Monroe.

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By WALTER TRUMBULL

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His crew has won. A swelling cheer Resounds from thousands who rejoice; But at his ear he tunes his ear To try to catch a single voice.

His home run clout has saved the game; But as he hears exultant cries And lifts his cap to fleeting fans His gaze seeks just one pair of eyes.

His playing on the football field Evokes loud praise of skill and sand; But naught of joy these plaudits yield Without one person in the stand.

The fruits of victory are stale, The vision of success as bare As a dead sea without a sail, Unless he knows his girl is there.

COLUMBIA, GEM OF THE HARLEM.

Certainly some of Columbia's recent success in athletics is built upon sand. The Morningside institution has not always made the showing it should, considering its numerical strength. The distractions of a large city have interfered with college spirit.

Especially is this true of rowing. Jim Rice has frequently lacked the support and the material that should have been his. But he has stuck to his job and grimly done his best with the material at hand. And his best has ever placed him among the foremost of rowing coaches. This year he had the stuff with which to build.

Not only did he teach those boys to row, but he also instilled them with fighting spirit. It was not the most encouraging thing in the world for a crew to lose one of its best oars and captain on the eve of a race. But this crew never faltered. It had the sand to go out and beat Princeton—and no hunters without courage ever take the Tigers into camp in these days. Any team from Jungtown is a fighting aggregation.

A STAFF TO LEAN ON.

We have heard it said that Miller Huggins was not a very good handler of a pitching staff, but so far as we know he and Mays get along all right.

This kidding about Mays being the Yankee pitching staff is hardly fair. There was a game the other day in which he didn't pitch.

Tris Speaker has been using something like two dozen players per game. It must be confusing to the Cleveland rooters. They get to wondering whether Tris thinks he's managing a baseball or a football team.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Willie Keeler's system was to "hit 'em where they ain't." Ruth has added to that. His idea is "hit 'em where they ain't never been."

We hear a lot of talk about Ruth's hitting a "lively ball." What difference does it make whether or not that is true? Every other player gets a crack at that same ball, but the Bambino is the only one who is breaking any distance records with it.

This big Ruth is the hardest hitter that ever walked to a plate. That doesn't mean that he's the best baseball player or the most valuable to a team. When it comes to winning a pennant he'd rather have one Ty Cobb or Tris Speaker in the outfield than two Babe Ruths. But he's the most valuable from a box office standpoint.

They say that the Babe is the only man who ever lifted a ball into the center field bleachers in Cleveland. Some day he is going to catch one right and put it into the center field bleachers at the Polo Grounds.

Weather conditions interfered with the showing of Muskatonge in the Kentucky Derby. If the track had been wet enough the big filly might have swum home in front.

Horsemen say that Leonardo II. is not a stayer, but it seems to us that they are wrong. On Saturday that appears to have been his chief trouble. He stayed too long in the same place.

With Semi-Professional and Amateur Ball Teams

At McKinley Park.

At Bronx Field.

At East Orange.

At West New York.

At Tarrytown.

At Paterson.

At Newark.

At Elizabeth.

At Jersey City.

At Hudson.

At Passaic.

At Montclair.

At Roseland.

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At Dutchess.

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At Rensselaer.

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